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It cannot be said that Mrs. Atherton is quite successful in this latter kind of discussion. Her style, though vigorous and entertaining, as always, is extremely desultory for the purpose. Of some of the ideas she strikes out, one can say only that they show ability, not that they are inherently sound. The notion, for example, that there is among women an instinctive tendency toward a return to the primeval matriarchate, though none too seriously advanced, is yet advanced with more seriousness than it probably deserves. Inherently sound ideas are, however, not lacking Mrs. Atherton is, of course, quite right when she says that "suffrage is but a milestone in feminism, which may be described as the more or less concerted sweep of women from the backwaters into the broad central stream of life." When she tells us that the war may largely recruit the members of the "third sex" (the unmarried, self-supporting women) she doubtless makes a true prediction. But she is rightest when she affirms that "while no woman before she has reached the age of thirty-five or forty should compete with men in work . . . still every girl of every class, from the industrial straight up to the plutocratic, should be trained in some congenial vocation during her plastic years." For the woman of thirty-five or forty may have a new lease of life, and she frequently has to meet a new range of responsibilities. In this recommendation of Mrs. Atherton's, biologic fact and feminist justice seem to be fairly accorded.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR. By André Chevrillon. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1917.

Among the great crowd of war-books that bid for our attention nowadays, this book of M. Chevrillon's is well worthy of special consideration, not, indeed, because it sheds or pretends to shed any novel light upon the part that England has played in the war, nor upon her precise motives for entering it, but because it is that instructive and delightful thing an appreciation of the English spirit by an intellectual, well-informed, and sympathetic Frenchman. The classic example—Taine's *History of English Literature*—at once comes to mind for comparison. For better or worse—chiefly for better—M. Chevrillon is, of course, no such theorist as was Taine; but he has a very similar sensitiveness to national character and a like gift of selecting and developing the essential elements. In this there is something more than simple thesis-building or than unambitious description. It is a combination, so to speak, of trenchant analysis with artistic handling, of intellectual and moral honesty with the desire to please—a combination which few Anglo-Saxon writers seem able to make in anything like the right proportion. Like Taine, too, Mr. Chevrillon is perhaps a little prone to exaggerate. But to exaggerate only in the interests of clearness! If it is true, as Rudyard Kipling remarks, by way of a counterpoise to the high praise he bestows in the preface that he has written for the volume, that M. Chevrillon has possibly laid a little too much stress upon the moral and religious traits in the English character, it must be conceded that the sharp relief which the author has given to his cameo portrait of Britannia is necessary to the full appreciation of that portrait by an Englishman—or by an American. One might venture the further criticism that the impression is sometimes a

little too strongly colored by the feelings and ideals of the English gentle-folk to be absolutely accurate for the whole nation; but this, while it also contributes to simplicity and charm, nowhere amounts to falsification, and after all the chief emphasis is placed upon attributes that belong to no particular class. The reaction of the laboring man, moreover, is specifically recognized.

To Americans and latterly to Englishmen, England's attempt to raise a sufficient army by voluntary enlistment has been represented as on the whole a rather vulgar if not discreditable business. The advertising methods employed, the public berating of slackers, the hen-pecking tactics of private suasion, have seemed to spell at once inefficiency and moral cheapness. At least, to these aspects of the matter certain English writers who are among the most patriotic have not been slow to call attention. Without reading M. Chevrillon's account of this episode, it is scarcely possible for Americans to realize fully either the moral grandeur of the effort or its unique national character, for no English writer has treated the subject with the same enthusiasm and the same detachment.

"A slow, inartistic people (they themselves say 'unimaginative'), impervious to the powers of eloquence, but to be moved profoundly by conviction and feeling—above all a people with a strong sense of duty, who have made conscience the essence of their poetry and religion, and thus although reacting chiefly to the facts of experience and reality—not forgetting that reality, the soul—are capable of a world of dreamy mysticism. By appealing to conscience, by stimulating its slow meditation on right and wrong, by means of a silent working of the mind, all English reforms have been accomplished." Does not this read exactly like Taine? Which is to say, in the present case, that it is penetrating, eloquent, and just a little precipitate. The high respect for individual conscience, the relative undervaluing of intellect (in England an intellectual man is called "clever"), the quality of English education, with its emphasis upon good character and a sound body; the asymmetrical mind which Lord Cromer has commented upon as a distinguishing feature of his compatriots; the Puritan spirit; that sheer refusal to admit defeat, in spite of many defeats, which is English courage—these are made to explain English greatness in the present crisis.

They also explain English unreadiness and English mistakes—concerning which, by the way, M. Chevrillon has no illusions. Even bulldog courage may beget overconfidence, or an undue sense of security. Willingness to "muddle through" is perhaps the complementary quality to the courage that *can* muddle through. In order to admire England as she deserves to be admired, it is necessary not only to perceive the sublimity inherent in the action of three million young men who came forward to enlist for the duration of the war in response to much the same sort of appeal as that by which they might have been brought to take the temperance pledge; it is necessary to understand and so to forgive the slowness and the muddling. This M. Chevrillon enables one to do. He makes it apparent that if English aid was tardy, almost fatally tardy, as it was precisely because the conscience of England had to be aroused, as it was by the invasion of Belgium. He shows that English freedom and party government had inevitably resulted in an affection for the policy of "Wait and see." He makes it particularly plain that without

the munitions scandal there could have been no efficiency in the manufacture of munitions. In short, England's faults are the defects of her qualities; and those qualities are fundamentally sound and permanent, being not the result of system or indoctrination but of individual common sense and character.

Besides its value as an interpretation of England to Americans, this book has a further significance, which Americans, with their faith in the possibility of real international amity, will be eager to grasp. If M. Chevrillon's book really expresses in any degree the attitude of France toward England, it is reasonable to expect that there will be not merely a continued alliance between these two peoples, but a true and enduring friendship.

THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITIES. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

It may be doubted that any other writer of our time could have given us quite so clear and stimulating a brief discussion of that principle of nationality which has lately come in for an enormous amount of criticism as has Mr. Zangwill. This writer, in his best mood, is both caustic and cheerful, both sardonic and optimistic, both dryly analytic and contagiously enthusiastic. He is at all times free from pedantries and prejudices, and in discussing human affairs he never makes the mistake, to which minds gifted with intense intellectuality are sometimes prone, of carefully and elaborately leaving God out of the reckoning.

To be sure, it seems to be a part of Mr. Zangwill's temperament that he cannot well refrain from making derisory gestures in the direction of other writers who are his natural allies rather than his necessary adversaries. The margin of difference between the views of Mr. Zangwill and those of Dr. Holland Rose seem, for instance, insufficient to justify Mr. Zangwill in performing a kind of logical war dance over that part of Dr. Rose's theory with which he does not agree. This same exuberance of the critical faculty, however, gives us many entertaining epigrams, not all of them invidious, that could ill be spared. "To pretend that England has been the champion of nationality," writes the author, "would be a perversion of history that could occur only to a professor of it." The attempt to find in modern nationality a new principle on which to found a new Europe is likewise purely professorial. The supposed principle of nationality is shrouded in theoretic fog; "but then the study of man, which Pope told us was mankind's proper study, has always lagged behind the study of his parasites." The truth, however, is comparatively simple; for nationality is after all chiefly a form of camaraderie such as almost always is engendered where men associate closely. This spirit of association may be electrified by a spark of danger: "One touch of danger makes the whole world kin." It is then liable to become excessive and dangerous in its turn: "Aggression supervenes upon Nationality like a twisted mustache upon puberty." Grown tumid with self-consciousness, the nation develops a Mission: "In the yearning for Constantinople, Christianity and commerce meet."

But the effort to reproduce Mr. Zangwill's brilliancies cannot be further continued without danger of misinterpreting his thought. His phrases are edged tools not to be freely handled by one less skilful than